That you haue but ſlumbred heere,
While this viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honeſt *Pucke*,
If we haue vnearned lucke,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22303) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH LIB